# THE PILGRIM

OF

# OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. OCTOBER, 1902. NO. 10.

## SEQUEL TO FATHER JOGUES' DEATH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

THERE was a division in the camp. The Bear and the Tortoise families wanted to save the life of the prisoners and appealed to the treaty of peace which had been signed with the French in pursuance of the demand of the Iroquois ambassadors. On the other hand the Bear family clamored for their death in the most violent language. Not to create an irreconcilable hatred among the three families, it was agreed to refer the matter to the general assembly of the chiefs and old men of the tribe at the meeting that was going to take place on the 18th of October, at Tionnontogen, the largest encampment that the Agniers then had. The peace party prevailed and they decided to set the captives at liberty.

But while the deliberations were going on some savages of the Bear family formed a plot to get rid of the French prisoners. Father Jogues was praying in his hut when they came to invite him out to a feast with one of the chiefs. He rose and, without apparent mistrust, directed his steps to the wigwam. As he was entering, an Indian who stood behind the door clove his head in two with a stroke of a tomahawk. Next day Lalande met the same fate. They cut off the heads of the two martyrs and placed them on the stakes of the palisade round the enclosure with their faces turned in the direction whence they had come; the bodies were thrown into the river.

When the deputies who had gone to Tionnontogen brought to Ossernenon the decision of the assembly, the crime had

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already taken place. The assassins were blamed, but nothing more was done. Father Jogues was assassinated on the 18th of October, 1646, in the village of Ossernenon. It is a curious thing that the man who killed him was later on captured by the Algonquins and condemned to death. Before dying he was converted and narrated all the circumstances of the last moments of the missionaries. His story is, in every respect, confirmed by that of the Hurons who had been prisoners in the same place and had succeeded in escaping.

When the news of his death was brought to the colony it was hailed as that of a martyr to the faith. "We regarded this death." writes Father Lalemant, "as that of a martyr. When we heard it, many of us, though separated from each other and consequently without having been able to discuss it, could not make up our minds to offer the sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of his soul. On the contrary, we offered it in thanksgiving for the blessings which God had bestowed upon him. Men of the world who knew him intimately, and religious houses also, look upon his death in the same manner, and we are prompted rather to ask his prayers than to pray for his soul.

"In fact it is the opinion of many learned men, and this opinion is no more than reasonable, that that man is truly a martyr in the sight of God who testifies to Him before heaven and earth; who makes more account of his faith and of the spread of the gospel than of his own life which he loses in the midst of dangers into which he casts himself for the love of Christ. Such a death is, in the sight of the angels, the death of a martyr, and it is thus that Father Jogues gave his life for Jesus Christ. Nay more, not only did he employ all possible means to preach the Gospel to those who slew him, but there is not the shadow of a doubt that he was killed in hatred of the doctrine of Jesus Christ.

"In point of fact, the Algonquins, the Hurons and afterwards the Iroquois, as those who had been in captivity among them assure us, had, and some among them still have, a hatred and a horror of our doctrine; they maintain that it kills them, that it has spells and charms in it which cause the destruction

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of their harvests, which bring upon them contagions and epidemics. Hence we are in constant dread of being slain wherever we go. Just as in the primitive Church, they reproached the disciples of Christ with being the cause of public misfortunes, and on that account put them to death, so we are persecuted because, as they fancy, by our doctrine, which is none other than that of Christ, we devastate their countries. It is for that reason that they killed Father Jogues; but for that reason we can maintain that he is a martyr in the sight of God."

The author of the *Cours d'histoire*, on telling the story of the death of this valiant apostle, gives a pen picture of his character: He was a man of most amiable simplicity and sweetness of disposition in the ordinary affairs of life. Nevertheless, when there was question of duty, he was firm and resolute. In important matters, before deciding on a measure, he examined it at length in the presence of God. Once his decision was taken he kept at his work quietly with great simplicity, but also with an energy and perseverance that the consciousness of duty could alone inspire. "Ondessonk," the Agniers used to say to him, "you are like a child when you are bidden to do something, but you easily become the master when you want to. You speak too boldly, and you will be killed, for you are a prisoner in our country. You are alone, and yet you oppose us. What would you do if you were at liberty among your people?" They were astonished at times at the audacity with which he reproved them; but as he had already made the sacrifice of his liberty and life, he showed himself superior to all fear, and by his courage and his noble outspokenness he forced the most independent of these savages to respect him. When he died he was only forty-eight years old.

His death became the signal of a general rupture and a renewal of hostilities. Not to keep up the flames of hatred in the nation itself, the three great families of the Agniers, the Bears, the Wolves and the Tortoises, ended by voting for war in spite of the protestations of certain influential chiefs like Le Berger and Kiotsaeton. It is worth knowing here that Le Berger was made prisoner by the Algonquins and given his liberty by M. Montmagny. He was so touched by this act

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that he flung his tomahawk in the fire and cried out: "My anger is appeased. I lay down my arms. I am your friend forever." He kept his word. At Ossernenon he made every effort to save Father Jogues. Not being able to prevent the war, he refused to take up arms. Later on he became a Christian and died in France. Kiotsaeton, the chief of the embassy of 1844, regarded as a piece of criminal perfidy the death of Father Jogues, and, because of his freedom of speech in this matter, became a suspect in the eyes of the Bear family. In spite of the protest of the minority the voice of the majority prevailed; in fact, some of the other encampments had not yet laid down their arms, and from that out the struggle was going to be fiercer than ever, and a war of extermination was begun.

In the month of November the braves were on the war path. At Montreal they surprised and massacred the Hurons and two colonists who were off their guard not knowing that war had been proclaimed. They pillaged and burned Fort Richelieu which had been left without a garrison; in the neighborhood of Three Rivers they met Piescaret, their most formidable enemy, who came to them under the impression that they were friends and singing a peace song as he approached. They run him through with a spear and scalped him. At Three Rivers, while Mass was going on, they entered the houses which were separated from the fort and carried off everything they could find: clothes, blankets, muskets, powder and lead, and then divided into two bands set off in pursuit of the Algonquins who were at that moment engaged in fishing, some on the north and some on the south bank of the St. Lawrence. They massacred the old men, women and children. They killed the chief, Jean Baptiste Manitou, who was a valiant Christian and the god-son of the commandant. They killed, also, Ouapmangouch, one of the bravest and cleverest of the Algonquins. In order to make a mockery of the sacred mystery of the cross they laid a child of four or five years old on a piece of bark and fixed him to it hands and feet with sharp pieces of wood.

The Iroquois carried off as prisoners many of the chieftains, braves and the young people with the exception of four or five [illegible]ceeded in making their escape. Among these captives

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were some neophytes and catechumens, and when they were brought to the country of the Agniers they were distributed among the villages where they were beaten and burned, boiled and roasted. In the horrible torture of this treatment they showed a heroic courage and died like Christians. Some women, who had been brought into captivity, but found means of escape, carried the details of this disaster to Three Rivers.

Among these captives was Mary the wife of Jean Baptiste Manitou who, after the most extraordinary adventures, arrived at Montreal and from there was brought to Three Rivers. There was another Algonquin woman who had been made a prisoner by the Iroquois, who was bound during the night by her hands and feet to four sticks driven into the ground. Still she managed to free herself, and braining with a blow of a tomahawk the Iroquois who was lying near the door of the hut, succeeded almost naked in making her escape. They pursued her, but in vain, and after thirty-five days of fatigues, privations and sufferings of every description she arrived at Three Rivers.

The audacity of the Iroquois became so great that they were planning to take Three Rivers by assault. The plans were made, the positions were actually taken when two hundred Hurons unexpectedly arrived and the Iroquois were beaten and took to flight, losing their arms, their baggage and a great many of their men who were taken prisoners.

This victory did not prevent the consternation from spreading among the nations which were scattered on the north of the St. Lawrence from Tadoussac to the Ottawa, and from the Laurentides to the Great River. They no longer dared to go down to Quebec or Three Rivers to sell their furs or to trade with the colonists. The colonists themselves stuck close to the forts for fear of being surprised and massacred. The Indians of Sillery did not dare to go out of the fortified enclosures to hunt or to fish ; but in order to protect them from any sudden raid in the seed-time or harvest the Governor had a fort constructed in the midst of the fields.

Although the situation was serious the courage of the missionaries and of the French did not weaken. The Superior of Quebec writes on the 20th October, 1647 : "You must not

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imagine that the fury of the Iroquois and the loss of some Christians and catechumens can make void the mystery of the cross of Jesus Christ or stop the efficacy of His blood. We may die, we may be captured, burned or massacred, but that is of no consequence. The best death is not always in one's bed. I see no one here who shrinks. On the contrary, they demand to be sent to the Hurons and some protest that the fires which the Iroquois will build around them are the very motives which would induce them to make the dangerous journey.

The men who went so bravely to face the fire of the Iroquois were Joseph Bressani, Adrian Daran, Gabriel Lalemant, Jacques Bonnin and Adrian Grelan, priests; and Nicholas Noirclair, a lay-brother. They were accompanied by twenty-five or thirty Frenchmen who undertook this long, hard and dangerous journey, says the Relation of 1648. As for the missionaries, such joy shone upon their countenances that you would think they were going to take possession of the crown of a martyr. They set out on the 26th of August, 1648, at the risk of being taken and massacred on the way by the Iroquois. Alas! they had gone to take possession of a crown, and as martyrs they went to assist at the last hour of the tribe in its agony and at the extinction of the sad remnants of the Huron nation.

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## THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

(*Concluded.*)

### The Fourteenth Station.

#### JESUS IS LAID IN THE TOMB.

THE disciples quickly took the body down and carried it reverently even to the foot of Calvary. The Virgin, Mary Magdalene and the other women followed in procession. They advanced silently, amid the darkness of the night which had set in. The sacred body was laid out upon a large rock. Endearing and reverent hands wash from it all the blood wherewith it was dyed. Then they spread over it a

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perfumed ointment of myrrh and aloes, of which Joseph had bought a hundred pounds. They covered the body with a shroud, and, according to Jewish custom, wrapped it in fine linen bands. It was Mary Magdalene, without doubt, who presided over the burial, for we read that immediately at the close of the Sabbath day, she returned in haste to the sepulchre to complete the work which had to be done hurriedly because of the late hour. Close beside them, in a rock, stood the sepulchre, which Joseph of Arimathea had prepared for his family. Thither they carry the body of Jesus in its wrappings. Mary kisses it for the last time, she looks upon it long, as it lies there motionless, then the large rock was rolled more closely, they raise it, and the tomb was sealed.

All is over!

Yet neither Mary nor the holy women leave the tomb wherein reposes their well-beloved.

The Gospel remarks: "That they sat near the tomb, thinking where they had laid Him."

The Virgin, all alone henceforth, and Magdalene, now almost inconsolable, moved slowly toward the village. On the ground, at each step, they find the blood which Jesus had shed!

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When death separates us from those we love, it seems at first, that we do not completely realize our loss, we are stunned by the blow, we do not picture to ourselves the extent of our unhappiness. It requires a longer time for our eyes to grow accustomed to this new sight; for our hearts to feel thoroughly all the coldness and the depth of that void which henceforth will surround us. But that hour comes, the hour of stern reality, when the body is carried out by the pall-bearers, when the coffin creaks on the ropes that lower it into the grave, when the clods of earth from the shovels fall, one by one, with a thud on the sounding wood, then, like a flash, a heart-rending sensation seizes us; the sensation of our deep loss, which they say is the crown of sorrow.

I know of nothing that drives more quickly to despair! And it is not only death that makes us feel thus. This feeling

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accompanies the loss of nearly all the goods which charm our life.

When a friend abandons us, we remain so long in doubt, hesitating, in anguish, passing from hope to fear and from fear to hope, an hour comes in which the treachery of him whom we loved appears evident to our eyes, which, up to that time, were blinded. The friendship is gone ; it is gone forever.

Our fortune disappears in a crisis ; we know that poverty is on us, but we do not realize it yet ; there remains some hope in the sky. One day want rises up before us. Ah ! behold the hour of the irreparable, and it is terrible ! and so of the rest !

Oh ! as long as a faint ray of distant hope remains with a man, he can, if he has any heart, summon up courage, but when all hope has faded away, when all is destroyed, when all is gone, when we feel ourselves, as Mary felt, alone in the silent night !

Poor hearts who suffer, why do we deceive ourselves so? Nothing is ever gone, nothing is ever destroyed, nothing is ever irreparable, because everything is perfected, everything is recovered, everything is repaired in heaven !

Without doubt, if we consider our life as wholly comprised within these two terrestrial limits : birth and death, oh, yes, how many things would be ended, destroyed, made irreparable ! But this is only a part, a little part, a very little part of our life. Do you forget that it must follow you above, and and continue unceasingly throughout an immense eternity?

Why have we not Faith !

Our true life is as a book, in which we turn here below a few pages; death comes very soon to turn its page, but the book does not end on the leaf which it touches.

Not a phrase, not a word is left out, and without delay, without a break, just as the preceding page was opened, the following one opens in Eternity.

Oh ! that I could impress this thought on your mind ! We never cease to live, nor does any one of our departed friends cease to live ; an hour comes when they cease to live here below where we too cease to live here below, only to begin a new life, immediately, in eternity.

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There is no gap in man's existence.

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If we have this living faith, we will not concentrate all our thoughts, all our plans, all our resolutions, all our work and all our effects, all our love upon this world, wherein we have no lasting, resting-place. We shall be like travellers who cross the great oceans to reach the regions of the New World. Do they seek in their ship a permanent abode? Is it there that their preoccupations and their projects find their term? would not this be folly? No, they are thinking of the land which they are quickly approaching, and it is for their life there that they are preparing. And should not we do this too? Is the present life aught else but a voyage? Oh! how slight the ennui and the constraint of the voyage becomes to one who looks towards his native country. Do we suffer much in being absent from those we love, when we are making the journey that is bringing us to them, when each day as it passes shortens the time and the distance which separates us?

What a sweetness would this thought give to our pangs! It would have another advantage. It would open our eyes more frequently to that future and unchangeable life, and we would more earnestly propose to ourselves to secure there a happy destiny. For if faith tells us that death introduces us there, it also tells us that the first step that we take there, leads us to the tribunal of the Master. How could I appear there, if my hands were empty of good works and of virtues? How could I appear there, if my soul was impure and stained with sin? How could I appear there, if I have done nothing for heaven, if I have labored only for this earth and for this world, which has escaped me so quickly?

But if I have loved the good, if I have made an effort to be just, if my heart has remained firm against evil and against a perverse will, if I have been able above all to follow Christ, along the royal road of suffering, oh, how consoling and how blessed shall that hour be! It will be the end of my grief, the commencement of my joy! it is from exile to my fatherland that I shall pass.

There, my well-beloved dead await me.

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There, I myself shall await the living whom I shall have left behind, until the day when God will assemble there all souls of good will, to whom He is come to announce peace. The present life is so short, in truth it is nothing compared with that other, what is it then to lose here below, for a few hours, the goods which we shall regain above, forever. In the presence of the dead for whom you weep, Christian, root deeply in your heart these holy hopes, hopes for them, hopes for yourselves. If they have suffered much here below, let me repeat it again to you, if you suffer much here, have confidence. To suffer is the sign of divine predestination. Suffering is the great atoner; it cleanses us in the blood of our own hearts, and our souls, thus dyed, become dear to Christ. He recognizes in them the livery which He wore when climbing Calvary.

It was on Friday evening that Jesus was laid in the tomb. Mary returned to the house of John, who was henceforth her own. Her heart was broken, but her faith was strong, living and unwavering in the early resurrection of her well-beloved Son. Magdalene, less enlightened, seemed to be without hope; she was more human; and approached nearer to our weaknesses, hence it is she whom I am willing to follow.

She spent the Sabbath in tears. On Friday she had bought some precious ointments and spices to complete the embalming of the body of her Master: "And returning they prepared spices and ointments: and on the Sabbath day they rested according to commandment." (1) For the law forbade her, during this holy day, even this religious work. It was long in passing for her. The next day, at the first sign of dawn, in the solitude and silence of daybreak, she set out, with another Mary, and with hurried pace they go together to the tomb. The large rock which sealed it had been rolled back. Full of anxiety, they enter the open crypt, some linen clothes were lying on the ground, but the body of Jesus was no longer there! Horror stricken by this wonder, the mystery of which she did not comprehend, and almost in despair, Mary ran to the apostles and said: "They have taken away our Lord, and

(1) Luke xxiii. 56.

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I know not where they have placed Him." And, after her, come the others to confirm what she said. But the apostle saw here only the hallucination of imaginative women. Magdalene did not stop to convince them ; she returned to the tomb and there, in the surrounding gardens, in the ruins, in the copses, in the fissures of the rocks, everywhere, revisiting the same place twenty times, she searched for the body of her Master. "Woman, why do you weep ? " they asked of her. " Because they have taken away my Saviour, and I know not where they have laid Him." And scalding tears ran down her cheeks. Now, while she was searching, a man presented himself before her : " Woman," he asks of her, " why do you weep ? Whom seek you ? " She thought she saw before her the gardener of Joseph. "Ah ! " she said to him, " if you have taken Him away, tell me where you have hidden Him, that I might carry Him away."

" Mary," Jesus said to her.

At that name, at the sound of that familiar and divine voice, the heart of Mary leaped within her. She raised her head, her eyes met the eyes of Jesus. "Oh, my Master ! " she cried and she fell at His feet.

Who will tell the unspeakable consolation that then descended into the heart of that unhappy mourner !

Her Master, her divine, her well-beloved Master was there before her ! He was then alive ! He was then restored to her ! She saw Him, she heard Him, He smiled upon her with that smile which had welcomed her when she was a sinner, with that smile which had accompanied him to the foot of the cross and which had been effaced only by the rigidity of death.

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Poor, human hearts, we, too, are like Magdalene. In our tears we run about, over rocks and through gardens, seeking the goods we have lost, our vanished joys, our dead affections. To all things of this world, we cry out : "They have taken away my happiness. Oh, if you have hidden it, tell me, and I will get it back again !"

Yes, we question them, we taste them, we touch them, we would penetrate them to find in them that happiness, the pur-

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suit of which wearies our entire life. And all things of this world end with the answer: "*Non est hic!*" "It is not here!" We shall hear only this word during our miserable life, "*Non est hic!*" "It is not here!"

The little joys, the little empty happinesses which we taste here below, are as the linen bands and the handkerchief which Mary found in the tomb! They had touched the Well-Beloved, they had retained the perfume of His body, hence she took them in her hands, no doubt, and lifted them from the ground. They were not, however, the body of Jesus. Happiness is not to be found in these vain and transient things, scarcely have they a slight savor of it, or a faint perfume.

And we search, always in tears.

But the hour will come! To us as to Magdalene Jesus will appear. As He called her by name, so too will He call us by name; and suddenly, leaping up with love and ecstasy, our eyes will be opened, a great light will illumine our souls, we shall see then that happiness, our happiness, our only, our true, our eternal happiness is in Him! "O Master!" we shall say as she said, and like her we, too, shall throw ourselves at His feet.

That hour will be the hour of heaven!

Heaven! Behold the last word of our suffering!

It is not here below, it is in nothing that belongs to earth that we shall find the consolation for which our soul hungers and thirsts. Have all our great sorrows that seal of the "irreparable" of which I spoke above? What shall we do to sweeten them? The saying of Rachel is nearly always true: "They are no longer! Will you restore them to me"? No, neither the earth nor the world can restore to us our lost joys! They put others in their place; I know it well, but these new joys are, like the former, transient and unstable. We lose some, but replace them by others; only to lose these in turn. And it will happen that our hearts will become worn out in this game, without having found either rest or peace.

Oh, how I pity that soul, which, when it suffers, puts its hope in the things of this earth!

But, heaven!

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Heaven is the proper place of happiness, just as the earth, according to Bossuet is the proper place of misery. Heaven, is God possessed, tasted, relished by our souls. God, that is, infinite and eternal beauty; infinite and eternal happiness; infinite and eternal love! "In the vision of God," says the celebrated theologian Lessius, "we take hold of God, as it were, in our two hands, we hold Him tightly pressed to our hearts, we possess that good which is ours, and which we can enjoy. It is our right to taste all His sweetness, to enjoy all the pleasure which springs from Him as from its source." De Summo Bono, Lib. ii. c. 4. If we can thus enjoy the Author of all these things, is it not evident that we should enjoy in Him all those happinesses which these things themselves could give us? that to drink from that great chalice, surpasses, as the infinite exceeds the finite, the little drop of joy which creatures let fall into our soul and which even now, however, ravishes and entrances us.

And it is I who will then rejoice, I who to-day suffer, I, I! Ah, if my personality could bury itself and disappear in some vague, sense-benumbing blessedness, what would heaven be to me in this state. I would have no more care for the ashes of my soul than for the ashes of my body.

But it is I whom God calls to happiness; it is my poor heart, bleeding to-day with grief that will leap with divine ecstasy; these eyes of mine, so brimful now of tears, will behold the delights of my Saviour, these my lips will drink that ambrosial nectar, lips which here below have tasted only bitterness and gall, these my arms, which have been wrung so frequently with the despairs of this will, they too will possess true joy.

Oh, for me, yes for me!

Ah! when then will that day of regeneration come?

When shall all of us who are suffering, find ourselves there?

When will the Saviour appear to us as He appeared to Magdalene?

We know not the hour. What we do know is that it will not be long in coming. Life passes so quickly! You reach the middle of life quickly, and from the middle to the end, there seems scarcely to be a step!

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Oh, you who suffer! Courage then; heaven is so near and heaven is so beautiful!

Oh, you who suffer, bless God! The present is hard to bear; yes, but have you not the Crucified for an example and for your Master!

Oh, you who suffer, bless God! The present is hard to bear; yes, but the present is nothing, the future is everything, and the future is happiness!

Oh, you who suffer, bless God! The present is hard to bear; but see, it is already past. Jesus Christ calls you.

"Mary," said He to Magdalene.

Listen, it is your name that is about to pass His lips.

"Oh, come Lord, come! *Veni, Domine, Veni!*"

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## FERDINAND DE GÉRAMB, SOLDIER AND TRAPPIST.

A HERO under the standard of the Cross as well as that of an earthly king, a monk of austere life, after having shown himself a soldier of greatest intrepidity, Ferdinand, Baron de Géramb, in religion Brother Marie-Joseph, is a striking example of the power of grace raising its superstructure of holiness on the basis of nature, and while elevating and supernaturalizing all the views and actions of the man, leaving unchanged much of the individuality and originality of his character. De Géramb retained to the end of life his martial bearing, a soldier's impetuosity and chivalry, all that vivacity and play of features and eyes which made his sisters nickname him in boyhood "perpetual motion," and which drew from Monsignor Cheverus the remark in later years that he had seen what he had never before witnessed, "a barrel of powder under a cowl." On the battlefield, in the court and in the cloister, Ferdinand de Géramb's is a career full of almost romantic interest and one that will repay our study.

### I.—The Soldier.

Born at Lyons, in France, in the year 1772, the future general and trappist from early childhood was possessed of a proud

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and haughty spirit, brooking no opposition, an irascible temper, and a desire to be seen and heard, which might have led him to great excesses, were not all these dangerous qualities tempered in great measure and held in check by a lively faith, sincere piety, and even delicacy of conscience, the result of the careful training of his gifted and saintly mother. Destined by his father for a military career, young De Géramb received an education fitted to prepare him for the profession of arms. His early studies were pursued under the personal supervision of his mother, and he made such progress in them that at the age of sixteen he could read and explain any part of Cicero and Tacitus at sight, was quite familiar with the Greek tragedians and Latin poets, an adept in music, drawing and horseback riding and, in addition to his native French, spoke with fluency four modern languages. The time had come for his matriculation at a military school when the outbreak of the Revolution of 1790 compelled the De Géramb family to fly from Lyons to Austria for safety. A year of travel in Italy preceded their arrival in Vienna, September 22, 1791, and the trip was one of ever increasing pleasure and profit for Ferdinand. At St. Peter's, Rome, he nearly lost his life in a tourist-like attempt to scratch his name on top of the cross of the ball surmounting the dome of the great Basilica. In after life, he penned the following characteristic account of this event: "My head was in such a whirl that I cried out to my brother, who was standing below, that I could not descend without risking my life, and that I must therefore remain where I was. I begged him to bid farewell for me to my family, and not to forget to advise my friends of my new address: *M. Ferdinand, Baron de Géramb, on top of the ball of the dome of St. Peter's, Rome.*"

We are not told how he escaped from his predicament, but that he did so, is evidenced by the fact that two years later, in 1793, we find him a second lieutenant of cavalry in the regimental barracks at Presburg, after having graduated from the Military School of Vienna, with the reputation of a hard and brilliant student, and a youth of irreproachable morals. We all know something of the dangers of barrack life, and re-

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time, the sound of a bell. I came nearer, and soon I was able to distinguish an aged priest, with white hair and poorly clad. He was accompanied by two peasants, bareheaded, despite the intense cold. One was ringing from time to time a bell, the other carried a lantern. 'Good God, it is Jesus! Allow me, Monsieur le Curé,' I cried out, 'to accompany the Blessed Sacrament. Don't be alarmed at the military movement we are about to execute. It is to do homage to Jesus Christ.' I gave my orders, and in a moment the venerable pastor, surrounded by a staff of officers and in the middle of my troops, continued on his way to a neighboring village. We advanced in religious silence, broken only by the tramp of the horses hoofs and the blare of the trumpet announcing the presence of the Most Holy God." They thus accompanied Our Lord to the house of an old officer, who received Communion with lively sentiments of faith and piety.

A few days later some religious ceremony brought together in the Imperial Chapel the royal families and all the high officials and nobles of the empire. As Chamberlain, it was the Baron de Géramb's duty to see that good order was preserved, and that all were assigned to the places called for by their rank. As he moved from one part of the chapel to another, he could not fail to notice that the daughters of the Prime Minister were distracting and annoying the worshippers by their loud talking and laughter. For some time he restrained himself, but at lengh, losing all patience, he called out in an indignant voice that could be heard by all, "Ladies, either get out or stop your talking." The report of this occurrence soon spread abroad, and caused considerable adverse criticism. It served, however, to show his contempt of all human respect when there was question of God's honor, and gave no little edification to the court.

Just at this time his devoted wife fell seriously ill, and the doctors were of the unanimous opinion that a change of climate was the only thing that could prolong her life. He therefore resolved, at the advice of his sovereign, although it cost him no small sacrifice to leave Vienna, to repair with his family to the court of Queen Caroline of Sicily. The queen received

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him most graciously, and at once appointed him Royal Chamberlain. In return for this kindness he became the chivalrous champion of the unfortunate princess, and even went so far as to travel to England to ameliorate the condition of Sicily, then groaning under the tyrannous exactions of Bentink, the British representative. His mission was successful, but he had incurred the undying hatred of the latter, who now sought to be revenged. The first step in the scheme was to induce a young British officer, of great reputation as a marksman, to publicly insult the Chamberlain in the hope that a duel would follow. The expected challenge was sent, but its acceptance contained the unusual and barbarous condition that it should take place on the side of Mt. Ætna, and that the vanquished party, dead or alive, should be thrown into the volcano's crater. The first exchange of shots was without result. On the second firing it was found that the bullet had crippled the leg of the young Englishman. A silence as of death fell upon all, principals, seconds and witnesses of the duel. Quietly, dispassionately, Géramb advanced with outstretched hand towards his wounded antagonist, declaring that his honor was satisfied, and that so far from wishing to carry out the condition that had been forced upon him, he freely granted him his life.

Thus thwarted of his revenge, Bentink continued along other lines his intrigues against the Chamberlain who, in the end, deemed it wise to leave Sicily to offer his sword to Spain to fight against Napoleon. On January 16, 1810, he arrived at Cadiz and presented himself before the President of the Spanish Council. After consultation with his colleagues, he appointed De Géramb a general, and entrusted him with the command of the City Guards, made up of 8,000 soldiers. One evening, as he was returning to the city at the head of a small troop, they were suddenly attacked by a regiment of French grenadiers, before whose bayonet charge the Spaniards were rapidly yielding ground. The intrepid baron threw himself into the midst of the enemy, only to fall wounded. At this, his men, now somewhat recovered from their first fright, returned to the fray, and by heroic efforts beat back the French and carried off the field their bleeding commander.

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Thus incapacitated for active service, he was entrusted with a mission to England to recruit an auxiliary corps, and accordingly embarked upon an English frigate loaded with French prisoners. During the voyage a young soldier died. Just at the moment that the sailors were about to cast the body into the sea, something occurred that provoked a laugh among the men. Shocked and indignant at their thoughtlessness and apparent want of feeling, De Géramb stepped to the front. "Soldiers," he said, "how is it that when you are on the point of burying one of your companions in the waves, you can find matter for amusement? Not one of you accompanies him! Not one of you says a prayer for his soul! Well, it shall be mine to render to him the last rites." Officers and men stood up, and with bare heads listened to the prayer which the general, in full view of all, read from the bridge.

Having landed at Portsmouth, he hastened immediately to London. The better to ensure the success of his enterprise, he published a pamphlet entitled *Lettres à Sophie*, which had for its avowed object to arouse public opinion in favor of Spain. It was answered by many applicants for enlistment, and in a short time he was able to dispatch upward of 500 volunteers to Cadiz. Unhappily, he was a better soldier than financier. His disbursements were made without reference to his bank account and so, after a few months, the London bankers refused him further credit, and sent a statement of his indebtedness to the Cadiz Council. They settled for all the expenses incurred in recruiting the soldiers, but declined to meet the personal bills of their representative, which they pronounced exorbitant. The creditors then entered suit, and soon a pack of bailiffs were hammering at his apartments to take possession of his furniture and horses. Such a proceeding was little to the taste of the baron, already wrought up to a high pitch by the unfairness of the Spanish Council. With the aid of his valet he barricaded doors and windows, hoisting on the outside a flag with the well-known axiom of English law, "My house is my castle."

The besiegers in vain endeavored to wrench the door from [illegible]. One of them, more courageous than the rest,

mounted a ladder to raise a window. It was raised quickly enough, but a moment later the unhappy minion of law and order fell to the ground, stunned by a violent blow of a sword on his head. Then, arming himself with his pistols, the General made his appearance at the open window, declaring, in stentorian tones: "I promise to break the head of the first one who sets a foot upon that ladder." Of course, after such a threat nobody attempted to enter. The incident was a matter of common talk in all London. To end it, the government expelled him from the country under the provisions of the Alien Bill. It was the beginning of his reverses and, we may add, of his conversion.

Driven from England, the ex-general was thrown on the shores of Denmark. He was looking for a means to make his way to Vienna, when Napoleon, who recognized in him an implacable and dangerous enemy, caused his arrest at Husum. Led first to Hamburg, and then to Paris, de Géramb was in February, 1812, imprisoned in the dungeons of Vincennes. Sometime later he was transferred to the prison called la Force and there he remained till April 1, 1814, when the entry of the victorious army of the allies into Paris gave freedom to all prisoners for political offenses. A great spiritual writer has laid down the principle that we should hold ourselves indifferent to honor and dishonor, and that in God's providence the latter may be most for our good. This was certainly true in the case of the Baron de Géramb. His two years' confinement had placed him in the most intimate relations with his fellow-prisoners, Mgr. De Grégorio, Bishop of Troyes, Father Fontana and the Abbé Pedicini, secretary to Cardinal Pacca. Their words and, still more, their example, told upon the generous character of the impetuous soldier, they opened to him vistas of a greatness higher than that to be be achieved on battle-fields or in the court of kings. As the gates of his Paris prison flew open there issued forth a changed man, filled and fired with but one ambition—to pass his life clothed in the drugget of a monk in the land hallowed by the footsteps of his Divine Master. This determination was rendered possible by the fact that his wife had already died at Palermo in 1808. As to the

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six children, two had already followed their mother to the tomb and the others had no need of their father's presence and assistance. Edward was an officer in the Emperor of Russia's Noble Guards, Gustave a student of the Military School at Vienna. Adelaide was just finishing her education in an Ursuline convent, while the youngest, Eugénie, had been confided to his sister, the Baroness de Hedl. With nothing, therefore, to impede the execution of his pious design, de Géramb prepared to start at once for the Holy Land.

## II.—The Trappist.

Vocations are neither of our own making or our own choosing. True it is that conditions of time and place, health, disposition, tastes, gifts of mind and body, may determine our suitability or likelihood of success in one profession rather than another, or if there be question of higher things, may determine our entrance into this or that particular religious order. Yet not unfrequently God's grace calls men to paths hitherto untrod, or for which, humanly speaking, they would seem to have no aptitude. Such, assuredly, was the vocation of Ferdinand de Géramb to the Trappists. We could easily understand how his restless energy might be transformed, transmitted into a loftier channel and his fiery eloquence, enhanced by the play of his mobile features, his sparkling eyes and deep, rich voice, become the instrument of leading souls to God in the pulpit of Notre Dame. We could even picture him a missionary in pagan lands, traversing as a Xavier vast regions, indefatigable in labor, unlimited in expedients to attain his end. But that the soldier of fortune who had engaged in battle on the soil of nearly every European country, who, almost from the outset of his career, had been accustomed to command, the Chamberlain who had lived amidst the pomp and honor and luxury of royal courts, should embrace a state where solitude and obscurity, contemplation and penance, silence and the monotonous round of menial work and prayer should form the rule of life, this it is that surprises us and baffles all expectation. And yet, we have it from the testimony of his fellow-religious, that from the day on which it came to him as an inspiration

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that it was God's will that he should enter La Trappe instead of going to Palestine, he excelled in all these virtues that go to make up the perfection of the members of the most austere Order in the Church. His first intention was to enter a French monastery, but the arrival of Napoleon at Cannes gave him good reason to fear arrest and so he fled to Darfield in Westphalia.

Here, on January 5, 1816, the good Brother Porter of the Monastery of Port-du-Salut was startled by a violent ringing of the door bell, and as he hastened to admit the visitor, we may judge of his surprise on meeting a general in full military accoutrement, who asked instant audience with the abbot. His surprise must have increased when he saw him a few moments later throw himself at the feet of the superior, and humbly crave the favor of being received as one of his spiritual sons. And the pompous titles of general, chamberlain, knight of Malta, of which he had formerly been so proud, were soon merged into the simple appellation of Brother Marie-Joseph.

On Good Friday, April 4, 1817, de Géramb made his religious profession. At the end of Prime, the postulant entered the chapel attired in the brilliant court dress of a chamberlain, his breast ablaze with the many military and civic decorations with which he had been honored and with sword and boots and spurs, as if ready to lead once more his troops. At a signal from the Father Abbot, he prostrated himself on the ground, and soon the coarse, woolen habit of the Trappist had replaced the livery of the world.

Now more than ever during the days of his severe novitiate, did Brother Marie-Joseph give himself to the practice of mortification. To make his short rest more uncomfortable, he slept upon small disconnected boards filled with knots, a log of wood serving him for pillow. He embraced with joy and avidity all the humbler employments of the house entrusted to him, although, it must be confessed, that his fulfilment of these duties was not without inconvenience to the rest of the community, for as tailor, he broke all his needles, and as barber his hair-cuts were so villainous "that no one wished to avail himself of his services."

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But it was as a painter that he chiefly distinguished himself. Beneath his brush, guest-house, refectories and corridors became a veritable sepulchre. On all sides one could see only skulls, and dead men's bones arranged in the shape of crosses. In 1820, he was appointed to the charge of the guest-house. It was a responsible and delicate position, and not without danger, since it brought him once more in contact with the world he had abandoned. He, however, fulfilled its duties with rare tact and good nature, and the many visitors who came partly through curiosity to see a monk who had once held such high positions, were moved and bettered by his pious and entertaining conversation. Their gratitude and admiration found expression in very generous alms, which were well employed in repairing and enlarging the little monastery. The church, however, was still too small and poor, and to supply this want, the Abbot, Dom Bernard de Girmont, resolved, in the autumn of 1822, to send Brother Marie-Joseph to beg aid in the districts of Mayenne and Sarthe. Before his departure he formed the resolution on entering any city or village, to make his first visit to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and to salute the angel guardians and patron saints of the place under whose protection he would place his quest for alms.

Begging is not an agreeable occupation, and if there remained any of his old-time pride or human respect in the former general, this order of obedience must have been no easy one. Perhaps it was to crush out any lurking vestige of these defects that he directed his first steps towards the château of one of his most intimate and aristocratic friends, the Count de Vos, at Panard. He was received most cordially, but no remonstrance or entreaty could induce him to change aught in the manner of his austere life. Disdaining the soft bed that had been prepared for him, he took his night's rest upon the bare floor. In all other respects he was affability and graciousness itself.

The count invited a large number of distinguished persons to a dinner in his honor. At the end of the banquet, all went as usual to the parlor, where some one knowing the Trappist's [illegible]l talent, asked him to play a selection on the piano. [illegible]ded to the request, and after a few improvisations,

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began a waltz which in the perfection and brilliancy of its execution elicited loud applause. To all this must have seemed a strange sight, a monk in a cowl and sandals seated at a piano in a fashionable salon, but stranger still and telling a tale of higher import was the clanking of the sharp-pointed penance-chains on his arm,, as his finger moved with lightning rapidity over the ivory keys. One of the ladies immediately arose to take up a collection, which proved most generous. The whole winter was thus spent in begging, the while he was living in the world the life of a monk, and in the spring he returned to his monastery with sufficient money to ensure the erection of a new church. Within five months the building was completed. But quick work is not solid work, and so one evening in the following December, as the community were seated in the refectory, a loud crash told too clearly that the roof of their church had fallen in.

Nothing daunted, the very next day, Brother Marie-Joseph set out to begin anew to beg. This time his steps were directed towards the district of Sarthe, and as in the preceding year, the vivacity and intelligence of his conversation, his genial manners and mortified life, secured for the mere asking ample alms. In the beginning of the Lent of 1824, the church was finished. His task had been accomplished, and with all the joy of a true contemplative he resumed the exercises of community life, and kneeling within his narrow cell meditated the truths he had depicted on the convent's walls, *This night perhaps! . . . To be silent, to suffer, to die to self!*

It was about this time that Père Marie-Joseph published a book entitled *Lettres à Eugenie.* Its purpose was to draw souls to frequent communion, and it was a cry of love from a heart enamored of God, a love which in the silence of La Trappe was every day growing and expanding. No effort, no sacrifice was spared that he might follow in the footprints of his Divine Master. His chief aim was to hold in check his natural impetuosity and brusqueness of character, of which, however, he never became thoroughly master. God left these defects for the greater humiliation of his servant, and we may learn from the fact the great lesson of patience with ourselves, often a more difficult virtue than patience with others.

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At the beginning of January, 1827, he was transferred to another Trappist monastery, called Our Lady of the Mount of Olives, near Mulhouse in the diocese of Strasburg. Here he employed the free time allowed by Superiors in completing three brochures he had in hand, *Litanies for a Good Death*, *The One Thing Necessary* and *At the Tomb of My Saviour*. In 1828, when Mgr. Feutrier attacked the Jesuits, Père de Géramb protested in a letter of great power and eloquence, which brought down upon the Mount of Olives the hatred of the sectaries. The monastery was closed, and all the religious who were not French were expelled. After some months' wandering he found a home in the Cistercian Abbey of Saint-Urbain, in the canton of Lucerne. In the quiet of his cell he gave much thought to the outrages committed against our Lord in Paris and elsewhere, and there grew up within his heart a great longing to go on a pilgrimage of reparation to the Holy Land. This desire was realized when, in the June of 1831, he embarked at Altorf on his way to the East, to return to his monastery only on December 21, 1833.

The impressions and experiences of this two years' pilgrimage have been embodied in the work, *A Pilgrimage to Palestine and Mt. Sinai*. What strikes one most in reading this interesting volume is not the touch of the artist or the observations of an educated tourist, though both these are found in it, but that everywhere we meet the religious whose faith and piety are ever in evidence in all he sees and notes.

Called to Rome by Pope Gregory XVI in May, 1837, he was shortly afterwards named Abbot *in partibus* and Procurator-General of the Trappists at the Pontifical Court. The duties of the new office were far from congenial, although with ready obedience he threw himself heartily into his work. The proverbial slowness of the Roman Congregations sorely tried his not over-patient spirit, as we may judge from the following extract from a letter written to the Abbot of Port-du-Salut, in reference to some business matters he had been asked to expedite: "There will be the whole sea to drink! Cardinal Drioli, who weighs at least six hundred pounds, will be harder to be moved than was Ostini. The slowness of the Roman

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Congregation kills me. When one has to wait for a decision from these cardinals, monsigori, secretaries, etc., we may say *that time lays aside her wings to drag along on crutches.*"

Each year, Brother Marie-Joseph passed the summer months with the Camaldulese Hermits at Frascati. He followed in all things the abstemious and penitential life led by these good religious, and although he was suffering greatly in health, neither the advice of his friends, Cardinals Lambrùschini and Polidori, nor even of his physician, M. Viale, could prevail on him to change his mode of living. Nothing less than a formal order from the Holy Father was needed. In the afternoon of October 7, while de Géramb was quietly engaged in writing in his room, he heard a great stir and noise in the hallway, followed by several raps at his own door. Hastening to open it he found himself in the presence of Gregory XVI. During the long conversation between them the Pope noticing the Abbot's great weakness, gave him a command of obedience henceforth to eat meat.

From that time on, Père Marie-Joseph was the Pope's most intimate friend, and scarcely a day passed on which they might not be seen conversing together. One day, a young priest entering the Pontifical Palace, perceived the Father in his large white habit standing in the midst of a group of ecclesiastics. Thinking it was the Pope, he drew near to throw himself at his feet. Whereupon Gregory XVI, who was standing a few feet away, smilingly remarked, "We are two Popes at present."

The following year, failing health obliged him to seek repose and rest at Vichy, where his white habit and distinguished bearing elicited no little attention and admiration. We find him in Rome the next Feast of the Purification, assisting at the ceremony of presenting a wax candle to the Holy Father by the representative of each of the religious Orders. No sooner had the Pope observed the presence of his old friend than he called him to a seat beside himself, near the Pontifical throne. After the public audience, they were closeted together for a long time in His Holiness' private apartments.

To assert that de Géramb was insensible to these marks of distinction would be to betray ignorance of his true nature.

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To the end of life his besetting fault was a certain boastful pride in the honors he had received and the great friends he had made. This was an occasion of many harsh criticisms on the part of those who did not appreciate how hard he struggled to overcome this weakness in his character.

Towards the end of July he left Rome to take part in a General Chapter of his Order in France. When he arrived in Paris news reached him that his eldest son, Edward, a high officer in the Russian army, had just been killed in an expedition to the Caucasus. His grief was bitter, and showed clearly that his separation from his family and the years he had spent in the cloister, had in no wise lessened his father's love for his children. For a time even he was incapacitated for work, and he begged with insistence to be relieved of his charge of Procurator-General. The Chapter answered his request by a pressing letter, confirming him in his office.

He then returned to Rome, but the fatigue of travel brought on an illness from which he never recovered. His sufferings were borne without complaint, and he heard unmoved the announcement of his approaching death. He generously offered the sacrifice of his life to God, and after having received the last sacraments and answered in full consciousness the prayers for the dying, calmly expired March 15, 1848. At the time of his death he was sixty-six years of age, thirty-six of which had been lived as a Trappist. Earnestness was the keynote of his life, and the lesson it teaches is that sanctity consists "in making stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things."

## ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

### The Schenectady Pilgrimage.

The closing pilgrimage of this year was that of the German Congregation of St. Joseph's Church, Schenectady. It took place September 7, and fittingly ended the series. Unlike the other pil-[illegible]ich included several churches, the people of St. Jo-[illegible] their visit to the shrine to be exclusively their own.

The day and evening preceding seemed to preclude any possibility of bad weather, but heavy rain came during the night and though it had ceased to fall at Auriesville early in the morning, there were dark clouds hanging over the valley, particularly in the direction of Schenectady. Fears were entertained of their coming, but a little after 9 o'clock, the train rolled up to the station with 900 pilgrims with their devoted priests, Fathers Schoppe and Henrich leading, surrounded by a great number of altar boys in their red cassocks and surplices and followed by their numerous sodalities and other associations. The banners were furled, because of the rain, as the pilgrims wound up the hill ; but the people came with their usual enthusiastic devotion, heedless of the threatening skies and of the wet grass through which they were tramping. They trusted in the Lord, and when the congregation knelt in the open chapel, at the beginning of the High Mass, the sun came out in all its splendor. The scene was beautiful indeed, as the bright light illumined that devout multitude kneeling there on the hill-top, praying in their loud, earnest voices and singing as Germans so well do while the Holy Sacrifice was being offered. The Stations of the Cross immediately followed, a devotion which is always very striking with the congregation because of the unusual plaintiveness of their *Stabat Mater* which they all sing, and the vigor which they never fail to put in their responses to the prayers. The sermon in the chapel was preached in German by Father Lauer. That in the Ravine, by Father O'Donovan, S. J., was in English. The method and orderliness of the procession, both in going and coming, are always very notable with the people of St. Joseph's. Throughout the entire journey hymns are sung or the beads and litanies are recited. Then followed the procession of the Blessed Sacrament to the three altars, which is always so solemn and impressive. This ended the devotions at Auriesville, but not the devotions of St. Joseph's pious people. On returning to Schenectady, they again formed in procession at the station, proceeded to their Church and after solemn Benediction and the *Grosser Gott*, withdrew to their homes. They had gone in the same way processionally, from the church to the train in the early morning ; a beautiful custom which must make a very deep impression on the non-Catholics who witness this act of brave, outspoken piety. The same thing is done by other congregations, it is true, but it would be well if the practice were universal. It puts a stamp of unmistakable

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Catholicity on the entire day and prevents the pilgrimage from being taken for anything else but a sincere and genuine act of religion.

How will the new shrine look in winter? It will not be cased in, as some imagine, though the statue will be protected from the weather by a covering, the front of which will be of glass, so as to admit a view of the beautiful group. The shrine will, therefore, look the same in winter as in summer, though the surroundings will change, and in pure white from base to roof it will match the winter snows.

"Everything is in perfect order at the shrine," writes the one who is in charge there, and we trust that during the autumn, in spite of the rains, as well as during the winter, in spite of the frosts and thaws, everything may remain in perfect order. This order implies not only that things have been put to rights since the pilgrimages, but that many things have already been done by way of improvement, particularly for the trees, which will appear only next year.

Mass was said at the shrine on Sunday, September 28, the feast of the Seven Sorrows of Our Lady, and again on Monday, the anniversary of the death of René Goupil, 1642. On Sunday, also, the visiting priest and a party drove to the sites of the other two villages at which the missionaries and their neophytes were tortured, Andagaron and Tionnontoguen. Mass will be said again at Auriesville on the morning of Saturday, October 18, the anniversary of the death of Father Jogues, 1646. At the Mass, Sunday, September 28, the new chalice was used for the first time.

The Indian mission or reservation at Caughnawaga, in Canada, is to come again under the care of a Jesuit pastor. Our readers will recall that it was to this reservation the early missionaries from Canada used to send the converts they had made among the Iroquois along the Mohawk valley, in order that, by separating them from those who still remained pagans, they might develop more speedily and maintain in them more securely the Christian spirit. It was to this reservation that Catherine Tegakwitha was sent soon after her baptism at the Mohawk Caughnawaga, near Fonda, N. Y., four miles above Auriesville where she was born. Father Walworth erected a tomb in her honor at the Canada Caughnawaga, which is now a place of

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Sunday pilgrimage for the Indians there. An oblate priest, Father Forbes, has been in charge of the reservation lately, and within a year he will hand it over to the Jesuit Father Granger, who is now studying the languages needed.

Father Jones, accompanied by Father Quirk, both of Montreal, has again visited the sites of the early missions above Toronto, and is now satisfied that he has sufficient data to justify the publication of his map of these sites and the notes explaining the same.

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## MISSION NOTES.

### FOUR MISSIONARY MARTYRS DECLARED VENERABLE.

The title was given to them on May 1st by Pope Leo's decree. Two were Bishops, one a priest, and one a native Christian. All belonged to the Dominican Order. They were put to death for the faith in Tonkin, on the same day, in 1861.

Bishop Jerome Hermosilla was Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Tonkin. Born in Spain, he became a Dominican when quite young, went to the Philippines immediately after his profession, and as soon as ordained went to Tonkin. After years of Apostolic labor, he was betrayed into the hands of the persecutors, imprisoned, and after a form of judgment, was beheaded on November 1st, 1861, being then sixty-one years of age.

Bishop Valentine Berrio-Ochoa, born in Spain in 1827, had been also in the Philippines. He was made Coadjutor to the Vicar Apostolic of Central Tonkin, to whom, after his martyrdom, he succeeded. From his places of concealment he continued to aid his people, until he was seized and executed.

Father Peter Almato was born in Catalonia in 1830. He was ordained priest in the Philippines, and passed thence, in 1855, to Tonkin. His ill-health and the persecution hindered him from performing very much missionary work ; but he had the happiness of giving his life for the missions he loved.

Venerable Joseph Chang was born of native Christian parents in Tonkin in 1832. From the age of thirteen he attended a native priest, who taught him Latin. Later on he labored with Bishop Hermosilla : and having been captured with him, he was subjected to fearful tortures. All efforts were unavailing, however, to force him to deny his faith and tread the Crucifix under foot. His tormentors, grown weary of their savage toil, finally killed him the same day as the three other martyrs.

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## "THE LOVERS OF THE CROSS" IN JAPAN.

These are communities of native Christian women living together as religious do. They were instituted after the last great persecution. In the little hamlet of Motobari, beneath a roof of straw, the first members were gathered together. Wearing no distinctive habit, but the ordinary dress of Japanese women, they till the fields, raise silk worms, work at trades, spin and weave, in order to supply the simple needs of their austere life. They take care of the sick, collect orphans, teach catechism to the children of the district, and whether it be to face danger in the midst of an epidemic, or to devote themselves to any other work of charity, they are ready at the word of the Bishop to go even to the most distant places. Their services no longer needed, they humbly return to their houses, to take up again the instruments of lowly labor.

The diocese of Nagasaki, which contains 40,000 Christians, has ten communities of those consecrated virgins, numbering in all 160 persons. It is particularly as catechists that those valiant women render inestimable services. They are easily admitted into families not yet Christian, where by degrees they exert a great and salutary influence. Thus, in one place, by their aid, one missionary is able to look after 4,600 scattered converts. In particular, they labor amongst the *separated* descendants of the early Christians of Japan, numerous villages of whom have not yet received the Catholic missionaries.

As to their spiritual training, "the Lovers of the Cross" are admirable. Great charity for one another as well as for those outside their communities, readiness to obey and exact observance of their rule characterize their lives. They are severely tried by temporal needs. Great poverty is their lot, and hard work to pay debts and support themselves. Their homes are miserable, and their wretchedness is keenly felt in cases of sickness. The same room must serve for instruction, work, eating and repose.

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